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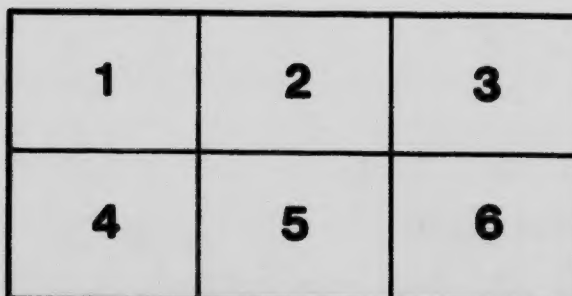
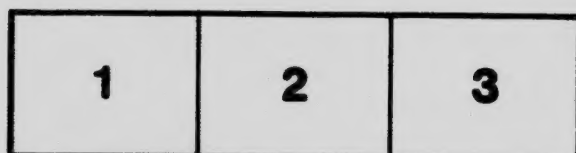
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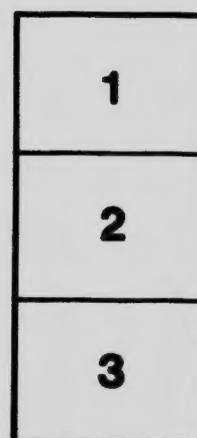
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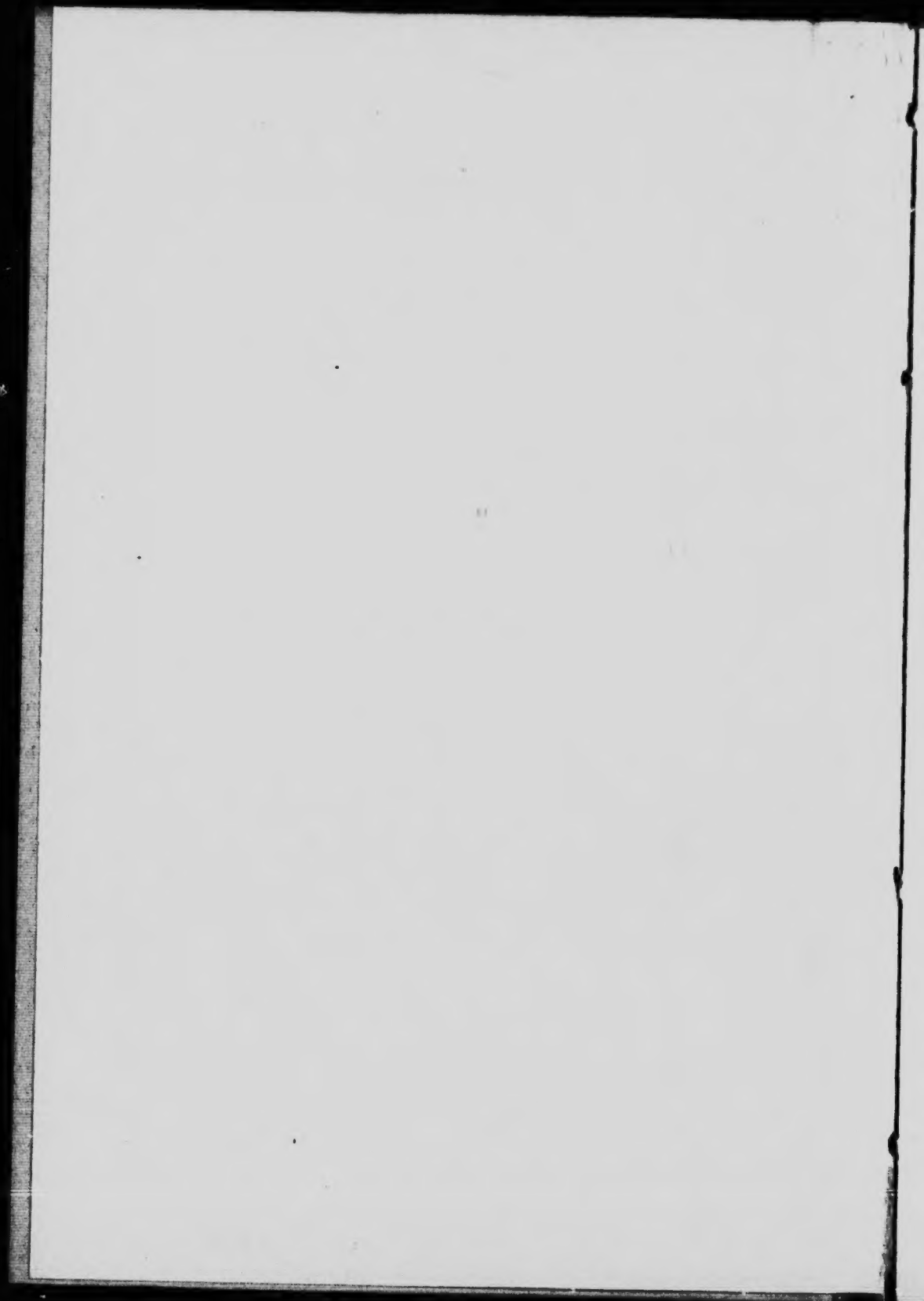
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Verses by the Wayside

BY
NELLIE CAMPBELL COWLES

TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

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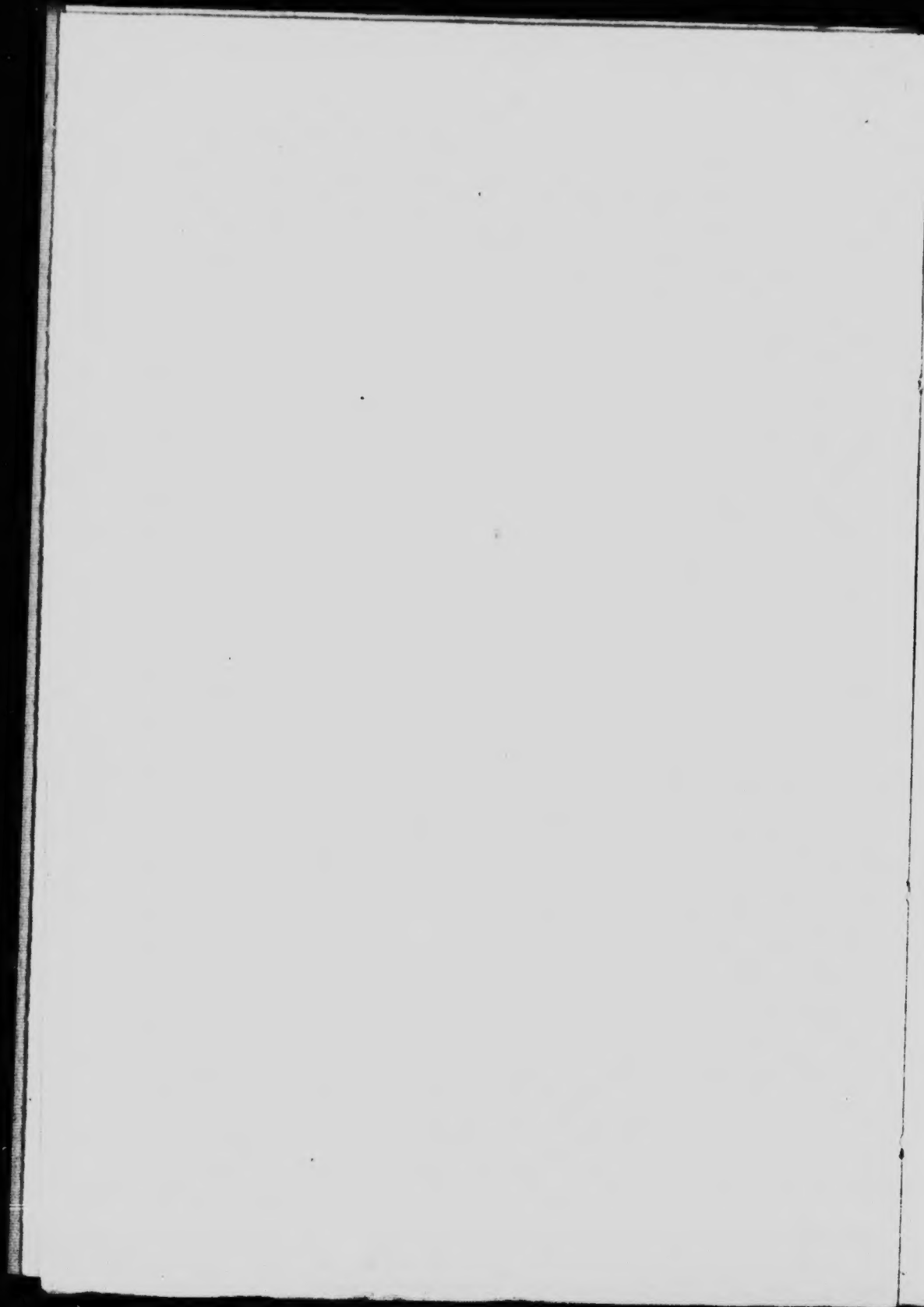
V47

1910

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TO MY MOTHER.

To the love that never falters,
To the heart that never alters,
To the one above all others
I dedicate these simple Lays
With sincerest love and praise—
To the best of all—my mother.



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Verses by the Wayside

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

As the sun shines in the morning
Sipping up the dew,
Making all the birds so joyous
And the people, too;
So should we in youth's sweet morning
Shed around us light,
Helping others tired and weary
Of the world's rough fight.

As the sun sinks down to rest
In glorious array,
Gilding everything around it
At the close of day.
Even so should we when parting
From this life away,
Leave behind us golden traces
Like the sun's last ray.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

Blowing wildly round the farmhouse
Falls the snow,
Tossed by wind that's cold and piercing
To and fro;
Summer skies and summer sunshine
All must go,
Clouds and winter storms are coming
With the snow.

Tinted leaves are scattered broadcast,
Gone for aye,
Just as joy that only stayeth
For a day;
Memories come of sunny moments,
Tears will flow,
As I stand and look with sorrow
At the snow.

Last year's snowfall brought me gladness
And good cheer,
Ah, the bitter, bitter changes
In a year.
A dear one down beneath the grasses,
Sleeps and lo—
Leaves me heartaches, lone and bitter
With the snow.

THE AUTUMN FOREST.

Yonder upon the hillside
The autumn forests stand,
A flush of crimson glory
Decked by the Master's hand.

And every day as I scan them,
My grateful eyes behold
Some fresh new tint of beauty,
Some touch of red or gold.

My eyes they wander slowly
From the trees of evergreen
To the poplars clothed in yellow,
The cedar trees between.

And the gorgeous tinted maples,
With their golden brown and red,
They more than compensate us
For the summer days now fled.

O'er all the hill and hollow,
As the sun shines down so bright
Is a gorgeous blaze of color,
Like a wave of golden light.

And they shake from the autumn breezes
And the leaves dance in their glee,
As clothed in garments of beauty,
They hang on the mother tree.

But some morning as I look for them,
Each tree will stand brown and bare.
Done! with gay fall clothing,
And drest for the winter air.

Jack Frost with the autumn breezes,
Will lay their beauty low,
And soon the great King Winter,
Will wrap them close in the snow.

THE GLEN.

O'er the Glen in silver rays,
Shines the moon by night, by days
The sun shines soft o'er all,
Gilding flowers and trees so tall.

Far, far down in dewy depths,
Laughs the rill,
As the waters in their flight
Splash and spill.

Many an unexpected nook,
Quiet retreat,
From the weary din of life
And the heat.

Listening to the song of birds
'Mid the leaves,
Making up of golden thoughts
Golden sheaves.

Forgetting life's all-fevered dream,
Life is sweet down here unseen,
If t'were so that all day long
We could listen to the song
Of those songsters, thrush and wren,
Chirping sweetly in the glen.

VERSES BY THE WAYSIDE

LOCHABER BAY.

Lochaber Bay,
My well loved country home,
My heart is still with thee,
Though far my steps may roam.

Where childhood's days were spent,
Land of my birth,
To thee my spirit turns
In joy or mirth.

Land where my father lived,
Land where he died,
Land where I hope to rest,
Close by his side.

Though from the well-loved place
I exiled roam,
My thoughts are oft with thee,
My country home.

I see the dear old Bay
Clear neath the moon,
I see the clover fields
Fragrant with bloom.

I see the broad green fields,
The golden grain
Gone but remembered yet,
Though it gives pain.

I see far through the trees
Ottawa's tide,
Fringed with the maples
That grow by its side.

I see the little church
At set of sun,
Where I was wont to go
When work was done.

I hear familiar tones,
Faces I see,
Though they are far away,
Still dear to me.

Sister and brother,
Cousin and friend,
Father and mother
In one happy blend.

Faces of each
Oft in fancy I see
When my heart turns,
Dear Lochaber, to thee.

SILVER CREEK.

A peaceful, softly gurgling stream,
Its waters flowing clear and bright,
Its silver pebbles, how they gleam
As it winds about from left to right.

Here gleaming, glistening in the sun
And dancing shadows there I see,
As calm its shallow waters run
Then hide neath over-hanging tree.

The branches bend o'er waters cool
And shadows softly cluster round,
For peace and quietness are the rule,
We hear not of the world a sound.

And by the stream as it goes on
There's many a dainty quiet retreat,
Mayhap just there in days ago
Some happy pair were wont to meet.

The tiny fishes in the sun
Flash and gleam as on they glide;
'Tis sweet to watch their careless fun
As they 'neath silver pebbles hide.

The plash of waters to the ear
 Seems o'er the heart a calm to fling,
 And the voice of birds comes soft and clear
 As in the trees above they sing.

To stray out here, the world forgot,
 And every anxious care unknown,
 Fancy grows quainter in this spot
 And every scene a living poem.

Oh, ye who wish through summer's hot
 A place of calm repose to seek,
 You could not find a lovelier spot
 To idle, than by Silver Creek.

VIOLETS.

Down where the rippling waters flow
In the dear old-fashioned creek—
Down where the grass is green I go
Beautiful violets to seek.

Many a time alone I've strayed
Idly walking along,
Stooping to pick a lovely flower,
Softly humming a song.

I cross the creek on a rotten log.
Holding my breath as I creep,
Fearing lest the log give way
And I plunge into the deep.

Then with hands o'erburdened with blossoms
I wend my homeward way,
Just in time to milk the cows
Right at the close of day.

SINGING FOR FOOD.

I recall to-night a picture
 On my memory firm impressed;
 In a great and distant city
 That touched my heart with pity
 For a poor, sad boy distressed.

He was standing by the pavement
 Near the throng that glided by,
 And he sang with wistful sadness
 Songs of love and life and gladness,
 And between he heaved a sigh.

And his form was gaunt and shaken,
 And his face was thin and blue,
 And his look begged of the many
 For to help him with a penny
 For he had naught else to do.

How ironical is fate!
 Just to think that any should
 Have to sing, when heart is breaking,
 Brain and bone and muscle aching.
 For to earn their daily food.

And to-night this picture hovers
And my heart does still oppress,
And I still can hear shrill ringing
The lad's voice so sadly singing
And I see his deep distress.

ON LONDON'S STREET.

Buy a rose, lady!
Buy a rose!
Only a penny—
And on the throng goes.

Down by St. Paul's
And Trafalgar Square,
And Picadilly
And everywhere.

Buy a rose lady!
Buy a rose!
Or some sweet violets—
And so it goes.

Some of the vendors
Have faces like flowers,
But poverty looks from
Their eyes, and glowers.

As they press all about,
 These girls of the street,
 You feel they are begging
 For something to eat.

Buy a rose lady!
 Buy a rose!
 Only a penny—
 And on the throng goes.

THE WINDOW VIEW.

Through my window here
 I have watched through the year
 The changes in nature outside
 From the sweet blooming May
 Till November's cold day
 Borne along by time's ceaseless tide.

Spring's pretty May flowers
 Brightened up the long hours,
 Then by summer's bright glories replaced
 And I watched with delight
 The butterflies flight
 As among them they each other chased.

But the clover soon went
And the buttercup bent,
And both hid their face in the sod;
A few sweet daisies stayed
And their going delayed
Till replaced by the gay golden rod.

Then they all sped away
And one autumn day
Not a flower any place could be found,
And the leaves on each tree
Took a notion to flee
And so cast themselves to the ground.

Then the world looked so dreary
And my heart felt so weary
That I longed to be gone like the rest,
And to hide me away
Some chill autumn day
Folded close upon nature's soft breast.

DAISY, BUTTERCUP AND CLOVER.

Daisy, buttercup and clover
Nodding gaily the field over;
The burning sun
To these are fun—
They fear not the blazing rover.

We poor mortals nearly roast,
We're as hot as buttered toast.
The daisy, she
Nods pleasantly.
Of her coolness seems to boast.

And the clover, fresh and neat,
Finds it easy to keep sweet—
Rich with honey,
Without money,
Furnishes the bee a treat.

Buttercup so cool and clear
Nods the passer-by to cheer—
Always gay
And full of play—
Oh! the precious flowers, how dear.

KINGSTON.

Kingston, calm, sweet old city,
My heart has found a home
Here, where the great St. Lawrence
Absorbs the Great Lake foam,
Here where the air is purest
And life is calm serene
I gaze upon the waters
As the white caps flash and gleam,
And I gaze upon the ivied homes
And the ancient forts and walls,
And it gives my heart a calm repose
As the voice of nature calls.

AUTUMN.

The bare trees sway in the northern blast
And crack and creak and groan,
The sky is o'ercast with dismal clouds
And the rafters shake and moan.

The dead leaves sweep like spirits gone
That come back to haunt the earth,
And make us feel as we look at them
That it's no time for joy or mirth.

The grass that was once so bright and green
Is turning an ugly brown,
And the flowers that brightened the summer days
Are gone from off hill and down.

The world has a cold forlorn look
Which makes us chill and creep,
And makes us start and turn to flee
When the brown leaves by us sweep.

There's something weird about it all
That makes us think and ponder.
And coaxes us upon the hills
And wills our feet to wander.

AUTUMN.

September is over,
October is here,
November is coming,
So bleak and so drear;
The leaves are now flying
About on the earth,
The birds have flown southward
With all their glad mirth;
The cold winds are wandering,
Soon, soon, it will snow,

And through cracks and crannies
The north wind will blow.
The thought chills my heart
Of the winter's cold sting,
If I were but a bird,
Far southward I'd wing—
Far from the frost
To a bright land of flowers,
And there I would wander
Amid sunny bowers.

NIGHT AT SQUARE LAKE.

Oh! the stillness of the midnight,
 Not a sound the quiet breaks,
 Save when the wierd, lone night call
 Of the loon the silence wakes.
 And the great full moon slow sailing
 Does a flood of silver make
 Streaming to the shore beneath us
 On the surface of the lake.

Oh! the voices in the stillness—
 Little voices of the night—
 Whispering to ears not sleep-bound
 Things ne'er thought of in the light;
 Not of gain or worldly grasping,
 Nothing of the earthly sod,
 But the solemn voice of nature
 Whispering of nature's God.

While the world sleeps, tired and weary,
 Nature moves with silent grace,
 With unerring judgment going
 Each to fill the chosen place.
 All unfevered—each obeying
 Unfailingly from hour to hour;
 All things tranquil, none resisting,
 In the hand that wields the power.

Safe alone amid the silence
In the wierdness of the night,
Safe on life's lone waste of sorrow,
For there surely shall be light.
Safe, though all the world forsake me
Safe—and calm—no matter where,
For the One who moves the planets
Safe, will keep me in His care.

THE VIOLET.

The violet, the violet, the violet for me—
The little fairy blossom that grows 'neath every tree.
The blue, the deep blue violet, so fragile and so free,
Drooping its shy and graceful head,
Right by the pathway where I tread.

The violet, the violet, the tiny white wood violet,
The fragrant, wee, white violet
That hides itself away, that seeks to hide away,
Yet turns its dainty face to greet the opening day.
It throws its fragrance all around,
And seeking carefully I've found
Close midst the green, on many a mound,
The tiny white wood violet, the modest little
violet,
That hides so near the ground.

Then there's another violet—
 A little giddy flower—a little golden flower
 It's not so modest—but more bright
 It hates the shadow—loves the light—
 It has no fragrance, but you see,
 It's of the violet family.

To violets all, whate're their hue,
 My love will ever answer true.

The violet, the violet, the violet for me,
 Be they the blue-eyed or the gold,
 Or simple white the flower unfold.
 They tell of spring and woodlands cool,
 They whisper of a country school;
 They bring back childhood's golden days
 And paths that led through pleasant ways
 Where passed so innocent the hours
 'Mid dales where grew these winsome flowers.
 And so through all the years you see
 The violet is the flower for me.

COME OUT ON THE HILLS.

Come out on the hills
Where the sunshine is dancing,
Where the breath of the pines
Makes the heart laugh aloud,
Where each bounding streamlet,
Fast seeking the valley,
Reflects the deep blue
And the fleecy spring cloud.

Come out on the hills
In the early spring morning,
And you'll hear the great heart
Of Creation atune;
The bird song and earth song
All join in the giving
To greet the world's Easter
That's coming so soon.

Come out on the hills
And list to the music,
Leave the valley and glades
And come, greet the spring;
The voice of the birds
And the song of the treetops
Will enter your heart,
And with them you will sing.

HOME!

The home is but a house now,
 Mother's gone away,
 The sun don't shine so bright
 And everything looks gray.
 The stove looks kind of cold
 And the rain might fall to-day,
 Everything is filled with gloom
 Since mother's gone away.

We meet again after long days,
 Cross once more our separate ways
 Hand to hand and eye to eye,
 Hearts in greeting swiftly fly.
 Each beholds and half with pain
 Finds the other not the same—
 Dreams of rapture and of bliss,
 Memories of full many a kiss,
 Which we find we crave no more,
 And so we turn life's pages o'er.

TO MY DEAR E——.

Years ago, do you remember,
How we plighted friendship true,
And as on the years have flitted
How from strength to strength it grew?

Other friends have come and gone,
Grieved my heart and flitted by,
But the friendship formed in childhood
Never yet has caused a sigh.

True in childhood, true in girlhood.
Womanhood still finds us true;
May old age still find us faithful,
You to me and I to you.

I DREAM OF THEE.

I dream of thee, my love,
When the leaves are rustling softly in the breeze,
When the birds are chirping sweetly in the trees,
When the sun is sinking golden in the west,
And the busy world is sinking into rest,
Then—I dream,
My love,
Of thee.

I dream of thee, my love,
When the night is hanging darkly all around,
When by gentle sleep my mind is closely bound,
And when the morning sweetly breaks
And from slumbers charm I wake.

Then—I dream,
My love,
Of thee.

Joy of my life! How can I let thee go!
Out, from my sight away,
Without a whisper that I love thee so,
Thus must I let thee go, my love, to-day.

Away beyond my little world so small
Unconsciously you bear my heart from me.
It had been better not to love at all
And yet I'm proud to feel I love but thee.

No thought of thine e'er strays to me, I know;
In thy life's noble plans I form no part.
And yet into my life it sends a glow
To know you have my heart.

You know it not and never shall you know,
My love for thee no tongue shall ever tell.
I grieve, dear heart, I grieve to have thee go,
God bless thee, love, farewell.

THE ONLY GIRL.

Perhaps her hair is not of gold,
But it is soft, and neatly rolled;
Perhaps her eyes are not violet blue,
But they are tender, so tender and true.
Her cheeks perchance do not rival the rose
And I think there is a wee tilt to her nose,
But whatever her beauty of face may be
She's the only girl in this world for me.

MY FRIEND THAT WAS.

Too good a friend, my dear, to me you've been,
To give the stoney stare across the street;
And yet I cannot count it quite a sin
That I refuse to grovel at your feet.

If I were harsh and judged in too great haste,
I meant it kindly and in love I spoke;
But when of withering scorn I got a taste
From friendship's dream, I woke.

I can but say across the days now past
If I was wrong, I pray my friend forgive:
Let not those angry glances be the last,
But smile once yet and bid our friendship live.
To S——.

THE SWEETEST THING.

There is nothing on earth one-half so sweet
 As this—thy kiss—
 Taken from me, I pine and sigh
 Oh! for the bliss!
 If what I asked for might be mine
 I'd ask for this—
 One moment of the joy that dwells
 In thy sweet kiss.

MY LOVER'S LETTER.

'Twas a letter old and yellow
 With the seal as yet unbroken,
 And my name was plain upon it—
 My maiden name as it was spoken.

In an old book in the attic
 In my own loved childhood's home,
 From which ten years before
 My youthful feet did roam.

Father, mother, both departed
 Long years from this home away.
 And I visited my brother—
 Came to spend the Christmas Day.

And I wandered o'er the old house,
Up the attic's rickety stair,
Eager to look o'er the relics
Mother's hands had stored up there.

When among the books I rummaged,
From one book by dust made gray,
Out there fell this yellow letter,
Stamped, eleven years that day.

Quick my eyes fell on the writing,
And my cheeks went red, then white,
I could hear my heart's wild beating,
I trembled so with fright.

To the window quick I took it
And I read the words through tears,
As the old days come before me
And the mist rolls off the years.

I remember as a maiden
How I stood that Christmas eve,
And a dear face looked upon me
Fondly as he took his leave.

And he whispered, oh, so softly:
"You will get a note to-morrow,
And I'll see you in the evening,
Dear, you will not cause me sorrow!"

Then he went, and in my chamber
In a dream of pure delight,
I sat for hours and thought about him
E'er I fell asleep that night.

Waking late on Christmas morning,
Many greetings did I get.
I was always mother's baby
And I was the household pet.

Oh, the hour of noon came slowly,
Then at last the mid-day post.
Mother said: "What ails you, Mabel,
Why you look quite like a ghost."

Quick I rushed off to my chamber—
Not a line, a line for me.
Then I wept in bitter passion
Till my eyes could scarcely see.

Not one word of all my sorrow
To a mortal did I speak;
But amid the gayest company
Consolation I did seek.

And I got it in a measure,
For before a year had fled
I had made another conquest
And at Christmas I was wed.

Ever since that Christmas evening
I had thought his love untrue,
That he'd only trifled with me
When my young heart he did woo.

He had gone a few days after
From his native land away,
And I seldom heard a whisper
Of him since that winter's day.

Now his letter lay before me
Staring plainly through the gloom,
And I knew he got no answer,
And to him it seemed his doom.

Oh those words of fond entreaty
Traced by hand I loved so well,
How it cut my heart to read them
Mortal tongue can never tell.

Christmas Eve his hand had penned it
After he had left me there,
"Standing in the door" he told me
Looking oh so sweet and fair.

By the morning post he'd sent it
And he waited my reply,
Would I tell him that I loved him,
Would I bid him live or die?

If you do not love me Mabel,
Then don't send a line to me,
And I'll love you just the same, dear,
Though I'll go far, far from thee.

Ah! my poor, poor boy, I whispered,
And you thought I was not true
When my heart was well nigh breaking
Ronald, dear, for love of you.

I could see it all so plainly,
How this note my mother took,
And to keep it safe for Mabel
Put it for me in this book.

Then amid the joys of Christmas
It had been for aye forgot,
And when cleaning up soon after
To the attic it was brought.

No one knew the pain I suffered
In that attic there alone,
No one knew my heart was bleeding,
For I seemed like turned to stone.

By and by I sought the fireplace,
And I think no one could blame,
If hot ears fell on that letter
Ere I cast it in the flame.

In the armchair sat my brother,
Reading as I went to him,
And I know he did not notice
That my eyes with tears were dim.

Mabel! said he, without looking,
From the paper as he read,
There's an old friend of your girlhood
Recorded here among the dead.

There's been a fierce fight in the Transvaal,
And the paper's well-nigh filled
With the news of dead and wounded—
Ronald Weir's among the killed.

Oh, the torture! oh, the torture!
That my heart endured that day;
But I found a brief oblivion
For I fainted dead away.

Months have past since all this trouble,
And I've grown to bear the pain,
Though to bear it all in silence,
To my strength is quite a strain.

And my husband is the kindest
Of all husbands in the land,
But my best love it is buried
Far away 'neath Afric's sand.

JUST TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME.

Just tell me that you love me,
Softly say the words once more,
Oh, tell me that you love me
As you did in days of yore,
When the moon was shining down
Like blessings from above,
And I listened while you told to me
The old, old tale of love.
And all the world seemed brighter
As we stood upon the shore,
And you told me that you loved me
In those sweet days of yore.

Many years have come and past
Since those blest days of old,
And I've found your words were truthful
And your love more dear than gold.
You have seemed as days departed,
Ever kinder than before,
And as age has stealed upon us
You have seemed to love me more.
Now tell me that you love me,
Softly say the words once more,
Just tell me that you love me
As you did in days of yore.

THE SEA.

Oh! the moaning of the waves,
As they break upon the shore,
And the screeching of the gulls
 Waft in to me;
But the moaning of my heart
For the one I'll see no more,
 Is wilder than the moaning of the sea.

Just a few short weeks have fled
Since I wandered on the shore,
With my heart as light and gay
 As yonder foam;
But to-night my heart is sore
And my eyes with tears are dim,
 And my feet are never now inclined to roam.

Just a pair of eyes so blue,
And so tender and so bright,
And lips that taught a world
 Of love to me,
And then left my heart to moan
In the depths of deepest night,
That is wilder than the moaning
 Of the sea.

Oh, wondrous eve when first I glanced
 Into those eyes of blue,
 It made my eyes of deeper hue,
 It made my heart beat far more true—
 I loved her as I danced.

Oh, wondrous eve when first I pressed
 That little hand so white—
 So warm with touch, so light—
 I wished then for the right
 Just there to let it rest.

Oh, many wondrous eves in life,
 But sweeter far than this
 Was that first little kiss
 From this fair blue-eyed miss.
 And now she is my wife.
 Winter of 1899.

SOMETIME.

If sometime when cruel fortune has turned you
down,
And friends that have smiled now give you the
frown,
And weary you turn from these cold hearts of snow,
And thirst for the heart that was yours long ago.
May God then grant, oh! lost love of mine,
That my love round your memory may fondly en-
twine,
And though lands and oceans and worlds may
divide,
If you call my name I will be at your side,
And all the long years of estrangement and pain
Shall slip quite away and forgotten remain,
And I'll know when naught else could your heart
satisfy,
You have crept to my arms and content I can die.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

Where the shadows fall the thickest,
 Where the grass gets green the quickest.
 Where the sweetest blossoms blow.
 Where the sunbeam slyly glances
 And a stray moonbeam oft chances
 To steal in a silvery glow.

There a trysting place we made it,
 By the maple tree soft shaded.
 When the stars began to peep
 And we heard the birds last singing,
 Sweet peace to each fond heart bringing,
 As the shadows softly creep.

Many words of love were spoken,
 Vows made never to be broken,
 While the life of each should last—
 Words which each for aye should ponder
 Where so e'er their steps should wander,
 When these starry eves were past.

Starry eves like all take flight,
 And one early autumn night
 Came the time to say good-by,
 Youthful hearts in summer weather
 Are not quite—well, made of leather—
 So it cost them each a sigh.

Country lanes in pleasant weather
One could love and love forever.
But a little country maid
N'er shall meet her handsome lover
By the bank all pink with clover,
'Neath the straight old maple shade.

And green fields with all their beauty,
One must leave at call of duty
For the city's gay turmoil,
And a sweet young country maiden,
Though she sighs with heart love laden,
Goes about her daily toil.

In the gayest city throng,
Joining laugh and happy song,
Stands a youth with handsome face;
And he never gives a thought
To the gentle heart he bought
In the peaceful country place.

Where the snowdrifts are the thickest,
Where the chill winds blow the quickest,
Stands the maple robbed of life.
Down beneath a little mound,
Underneath the frost-clad ground,
Lies the maiden done with strife.

A BETROTHAL WISH.

You are in love's happy spring-time, little girl.
beware,

Value high the love that's near thee—have a care.
Never through the years before thee e'er shall greet
Anything to you more precious or more sweet
Than this love so full and tender, girlhood's love.
Given thee to help and bless thee, from above.

Cherish it as one would cherish jewels rare.
In the eyes of him who loves thee, thou'rt most fair.
Keep thy soul that it will ever answer true
To the faith that now he places strong in you.
So your eyes may look serenely, through your love.
Filled with strength and truth and purity, from
above.

There's a tear that is sadder than that for the dead.
Yes, a tear far more bitter, I say—
'Tis the tear that is wrung from a woman's sad
heart

When she knows that she's done with love's day.
When she sees it just die and knows that no power
She can wield can restore it again.
Ah, the tears may be bitter we shed for the dead.
But naught can compare with this pain.

WHAT THOU ART TO ME.

What art thou, love, to me?
I would that I could tell—
I would the gift to say were mine
Of how I love thee well.

Just what the evening star
Is to the twilight gray,
And what the morning sun
Is to the opening day.

And what the harvest moon
Is to the August night,
Thou art my star, my sun,
Thou art my heart's great light.

Ah! love is a myth,
An illusive shy elf:
It comes and it goes,
Never sure of itself.

To-day it is here
And to-morrow away—
When sure of its object
Its fancy will stray.

When kept in suspense
It with longing will ache,
If it faces despair
It is near a heart break.

If the object is coy
And will give but one kiss
Love then has attained
The height of its bliss.

If the kisses are many,
And loving doth pall.
Then fickle young Cupid
Is not there at all.

Tell me, beloved, if I should go to-day
For all, all time away,
Would your heart soon forget,
Soon cease for me to fret?
Oh, tell me, pray.

Would those dear eyes still shine
If these poor eyes of mine
Were closed to all to-day—
Were closed on earth for aye.
Dear, would you pine?

When years had passed and years,
Sometimes would thought cause tears
And pain sometimes come in
To show that love had been?
Forgive my foolish fears.

THE NEW YEAR.

Another year to work for God,
Oh! Christian worker! up and do,
And strive to please your Master
This whole year through.
Strive to leave behind this year
All enmity and strife;
Begin anew and let love reign
Through all your future life.

Go onward with God's praise in view,
Leave self-praise all behind,
And in the strength that He will give
Proclaim His message kind.
We've each our mission here to do,
Though humble it may be,
So let us do it while we may,
And do it faithfully.

For our God will surely help us
If we strive to do the right—
He will help us bear each burden
And the darkest pathway light.
He is faithful who has promised
To our feet to be a guide,
And He'll lead us safely homeward
If we in His love confide.

THY TRUST IS SAFE IN ME.

Soft fa'ls the darkness round me.
 Another day has gone—
 A day of mercies God bestowed
 My erring heart upon.

Though I have sinned against Him,
 Times too oft to trace,
 Still there is naught of anger,
 But kindness in his face.

Still that pierced hand is outstretched.
 And tender His words to me
 As he whispers, "Child, walk closer,
 That I may watch o'er thee."

Be patient with the little cross,
 Think what I gave for thee;
 Keep ever near me, fainting one.
 Thy trust is safe in me.

And thus I rest upon His love
 And from my heart I pray.
 Oh help me so to follow Thee.
 Dear Lord, from day to day.

CHRIST AROSE.

Christ arose,
The first glad morning
Of the first great Easter day,
And the righteous Son arisen
Banished fear of death away.

Christ arose,
And o'er the world wide
Comes a song of happy praise—
Hail to Him, the pure, the holy!
We will songs of rapture raise.

Christ arose,
No more in darkness
Do we pine and long for light.
He the Saviour rose victorious
From the grave and banished night.

A SINNER'S NEED.

I've strayed o'er mountains cold,
In caverns strange and wild—
If ever child did stray
I've been a wandering child.

I've been among the shades
That darkens forests lone,
And longed as only in distress
The heart can long for home.

I've felt the weight of sin
With all its mighty sting,
And hated with a perfect hate
The loathsome, traitorous thing.

I've cried aloud—O God!
My aching heart relieve!
But in the atoning blood of Christ
My heart did not believe.

So darkness pressed me down
And still my soul did keep,
And only mourning filled my days,
My eyes could ever weep.

I tried in vain to see
To prove the Christ divine,
But science did not lend a light
To o'er my pathway shine.

Then to my heart a voice
Spoke in a gentle tone:
"Give up the struggle, weary one,
Come, I will lead thee home."

"The past I'll wipe away,
"Twill be for aye forgot,
And all your future spotless be
A page without a blot."

O Jesus, living one!
I will, I will believe
That pure and gentle one could not
The weakest soul deceive.

The soul who feels not sin
May from the old faith turn.
But I'm a sinner, Lord,
And to be cleansed I yearn.

A sinner, I accept
Thy pardon free to-day.
And gladly, joyfully I turn
My steps into Thy way.

WHAT IS A HOME?

What is a home? Oh, tell me, pray,
Ye who have wandered here and away
And know the world as it is to-day—

What is a home?

Is it a mansion all flowers and light
With not a note of the outward night
And not a thought of the world's sad blight?
Or is it a cottage, plain and drear,
Where hearts are starved for a word of cheer
And faces grow sadder year by year?
Is it a place, whether mansion or cot,
Where joy is banished and love is not
And the tender word is for aye forgot—

Is that a home?

Is it a place, whether noble or poor,
Where the heart may rest and love is sure
And every motive is true and pure?
Is it a place where one can depend
On getting a welcome, stranger or friend,
And if in trouble or pain or grief
Is it a place one could find relief?
Would there be courage for hearts that quail
And a helping hand to the ones that fail?
Would there be sympathy there with the joy
And the romp and life of the girl and boy?
Would there be kisses to dry the tears,
Would there be patience all through the years?

Could you return from the mad world's glare
And turn to a heart that is beating there
That still holds faith in God and prayer?

Then home is heaven on earth begun
And shall spread to the many, because of the one,
Like the warming beams of the glorious sun—
For this is a home.

THE PAST.

Oh! bury the past,
Go bury it deep
Where the gaunt wolves
Of memory, that harrow thy sleep,
Though they dig, may not find.
And over the spot
Let love plant a thought—
A thought that is kind.

And the good at thy heart
Shall respond to the deed
And will quicken and nourish
The beautiful seed,
And the past left forever, forever behind,
In the land of the dead.
From the ground comes instead
The fragrance of thoughts that are kind.

THE SHADOWED WAY.

All through the day the shadows
Have darkened up my way;
Blackness seemed all around me,
The sun sent n'er a ray
To light my heart of its sorrow
All through the day.

But now the eve is upon me,
The stars shine in the sky,
And out from my heart a prayer
Rises to God on high,
Oh, Father, make me patient—
'Tis for this alone I sigh.

Help me in all to trust Thee
And love Thee to the last,
And to know if all else fail me
And my sky seems overcast,
That Thine eye is watching o'er me
And Thine hand will hold me fast.

A PRAYER.

Nearer and nearer
The angry waves approach me
As if to overwhelm.
God—God, my mighty maker,
Be thine hand at the helm.

What can I do?
Temptations are stronger than the strongest
And nature all is weak.
I'll drift away in blackness
Except Thy voice shall speak.

I feel I'm drifting, drifting,
My heart no more feels brave,
I'm out on life's fierce billows,
Great God oh, turn the wave—
Let not a weak child perish
Whom Jesus died to save.

TRUST HIM STILL.

Are your prayers unanswered yet?

Trust Him still.

Does your heart in sadness fret?

Trust Him still.

Patience yet—look up in prayer,

It's His will.

Never doubt thy God up there,

Trust Him still.

Does your angry passions rise,

Trust Him still.

Pray that He'll subject each thought

To His will.

When your heart with loving thoughts

He will fill,

Anger then will flee away—

Trust Him still.

THREE "R'S."

Ruined—Redeemed—Regenerated.

Ruined: a world of sinners

By God condemned to die,

In darkest night they wander.

No help, no refuge nigh.

Redeemed: by Christ our Saviour,
Who gave His life to save,
We sinners by His merit
Now triumph o'er the grave.

Regenerated: praise Him,
He our salvation won.
Our lives we give in service,
Our hearts to God's dear Son.

“ABIDE WITH ME: FOR IT IS EVENING, AND
THE DAY IS FAR SPENT.”

Abide with me, dear Saviour,
For far the day is spent,
The night of death's approaching,
My knees to Thee art bent;
My heart is bowed before Thee,
Oh! hear me, Lord, I pray,
Protect me through the darkness
Out to the perfect day.

Often I've wandered from Thee,
Often my feet have strayed,
Often Thou hast forgiven
And harkened when I prayed;

And now when I am aged.
 Father, I come to Thee.
 The night is fast advancing.
 Dear Lord, abide with me.

OBEDIENCE.

Two obscure fishers on Galilee's shore
 Cast in their nets while they hear the waves roar.
 Voices of nature alone meet their ear
 Till a voice comes to them speaking life and good
 cheer.
 Jesus' voice breaks the gloom of those fishermen's
 life,
 That voice that so often has stilled the heart's
 strife;
 "Follow me and I'll teach thee far greater to reach,
 To fish for men's souls and the gospel to preach."
 What did the lone fishers on Galilee's shore?
 Did they stay where they were and list the waves
 roar?
 Did they long to remain near the much loved sea
 spray,
 Nor go with this stranger homeless away?
 Did they stand by the waters, startled, dismayed?
 Nay, but they arose, left their nets, and obeyed.

HIS VOICE.

'Tis Jesus' voice that now you hear
In gentle tone fall on your ear,
He pleads, my child come unto Me,
I bore your sins upon the tree;
Come now and trust Him while you may.
Thy soul He'll lead to endless day.

'Tis Jesus gave His precious life
A sacrifice to end all strife,
His blood He shed a crimson flow
To cleanse and make thee white as snow.
Oh, come, accept Him now—to-day—
Nor ever from the Saviour stray.

The time is swiftly passing o'er,
Soon will death's knock sound at thy door.
Then bid Him enter now and stay,
For soon He, grieved, will turn away.
If in your heart He makes His home
You never more in sin shall roam.

THEN 'TIS SWEET TO LIVE.

Just to live, and move, and breathe,
 Oh the joy that's in it—
 Just to know 'tis God that plans
 Every single minute.

Just to know He n'er forgets
 What His children need—
 Just to think that He approves
 Every loving deed.

Just to feel that Jesus knows
 Every troubled thought—
 Just to trust Him every day
 Whatsoe'er our lot.

Just to say our Father knows
 What is best to give—
 Just to follow where He leads,
 Then 'tis sweet to live.

HELPLESS.

Not in length of prayers
Nor in chapters read,
Not in works I do
Nor in tears I shed,
Can the weight of sin
Roll from off my soul,
But Christ alone
Can make me whole.

When I come to Him,
Leaving all behind,
Seeking all from Him,
He is ever kind.
He will purge from sin,
He my steps will lead,
With the bread of life
He my soul will feed.

ONLY ONE SOUL.

Only one soul, only one soul,
And yet we laboured long—
Only one soul, only one soul,
That has turned away from wrong.

It seems a fearful thing to me
That out of all that throng
That only one has turned to God
To sing the glad new song.

A soul turned from the evil course!
And dost thou now complain
That any labour you have given
If—after that—in vain!

A soul, a never dying soul,
For whom our Saviour died,
Won from the ranks of satan
To fight on Jesus' side.

Oh! Christian, sing with gladness,
Yes, sing with joy to-day,
There's joy o'er "One" in heaven
Brought from the far away.

A REVIVAL PRAYER.

We ask a blessing, Lord, to-night,
For we are, oh, so weak,
None but Thyself can satisfy
The souls of those who seek.

None can the living waters give,
But Thine own hand alone—
None but Thyself can come with power
And melt the heart of stone.

Some are so near Thy kingdom, Lord,
Oh, let Thy voice be heard,
And may they give themselves to Thee
And take Thee at Thy word.

Oh, may they not put off this night,
But come to Thee and live,
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word
Eternal life to give.

THE SPIRIT'S PLEADING.

Oh, soul in the far-away country,
 The spirit is pleading with thee;
 He wills not to leave thee in darkness
 But calls thee from danger to thee.

Resist not the spirit, my brother;
 God's spirit will not always plead.
 Oh, give up your life to His keeping,
 In paths then of safety He'll lead.

Oh, come while we're now praying for you,
 While soft calls the voice at your heart,
 And Jesus is waiting to save you
 And help you now for Him to start.

Full many a year you have wandered
 Far from our dear Saviour away,
 Then no longer slight His salvation,
 But come and accept Him to-day.

If you but decide now for Jesus,
 What joy to your heart it will bring,
 Earth's friends will be glad and in heaven
 The angels will joyfully sing.

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

Your prayers may seem in vain, dear friend,
The wanderer still doth roam,
But let them not thus find an end,
Though he go far from home.

Though thy kind voice can't reach him now,
Though thou and he must part,
Unto the Master humbly bow—
His voice can reach his heart.

He's just as near him in that land,
His spirit there can plead,
And to the shelter by the hand
Thy wandering one He'll lead.

Your love for him is strong, sincere,
But Jesus loves him best,
So pray for him and never fear
The Lord will do the rest.

You must be patient, then, and wait,
Though far off he may stray,
You'll meet him at the golden gate,
God answers those who pray.

HOMELESS

"And every man went unto his own house."
"Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives."

Unto his dwelling each man went,
The multitude went home;
But on the Mount of Olives
The Saviour wandered lone.

The birds up 'mid the branches
Found home upon the trees;
The fox speeds on and past Him,
Unto its hole it flees.

To rest the world is going,
Both man and beast have fled,
And yet Jesus, the Saviour,
Had not where to lay His head.

Upon the lonely hillside,
The heavens for a dome,
This was His only shelter,
This was His only home.

This was the way they treated
He who for sinners sought;
He came unto His own,
But they received Him not.

And so He's left to wander
'Lone on the mountain side,
Yea even yet we make no room
Through this fair world so wide.

No room to-day for Jesus,
'Tis the same as it was then—
The pure and lowly Saviour
Unsought and spurned by men.

NEAR THE KINGDOM.

So near, so near the kingdom,
And yet not in;
Resist not, lest the spirit
Leave thee to sin.

If you this time reject Him
And shut the door,
Perhaps He, grieved, will leave thee
And knock no more.

Why should He keep on knocking,
Oh! heart of sin,
When thou won't heed His pleading,
Or let Him in.

He who is calling to thee
Is thy dear friend,
And to your darkened pathway
A light He'll send.

He'll guard your feet from falling.
Why further roam?
Come while His voice is calling,
Calling thee home.

WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

Oh, what joy our hearts will thrill
When we meet among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

When our struggles shall be o'er,
And our King shall say, "Well done."
And we enter life eternal,
Life through Christ our Saviour won.

No more darkness, no more sadness,
No more doubts and no more fears,
And from eyes that oft were troubled,
God shall wipe away all tears.

SOME DAY—SOME DAY.

Some day, some day,
Oh, blessed time,
When I no more
In worn-out rhyme
Shall seek the Saviour's
Praise to chime,
But in that land,
That heavenly clime,
His praise will ring,
Some day—some time.

Some day, some day,
In glorious song,
The words will come
For which we long,
And 'mid that pure
And ransomed throng
Which n'er again
Shall stoop to wrong,
We'll praise Him, then,
'Twill not be long.

ETERNITY.

Eternity away from God,
Without His face to light,
Without His blessed hand to guide
In blackest, darkest night.

Eternity, eternity,
Oh, sinner, haste and flee,
And under shadow of His wings
Safe for eternity.

Long has He called in tender tone,
Oh, come, thou sin-sick one;
This is the time, oh, then, prepare
Ere darkness hide the sun.

Oh, answer to God this question now,
As Jesus pleads with thee,
Your earthly course will soon be run
And then eternity.

When on the wing of pleasure gay
Thy heart doth bound and glee,
Remember now while it is day
That after time—eternity.

When clouds of trouble dark hang o'er.
No ray of light your eyes can see.
Fix then your hope on yonder shore.
You may enjoy—eternity.

Deep in the heart of God above
Is mercy e'en for you and me.
He will forgive, so great His love.
And keep us in eternity.

THE RANSOM.

Once as a sinner
I wandered afar,
When o'er my pathway
Shone Bethlehem's star.
Death and the judgment
Once I did dread,
When to the mercy seat
My soul was led.

Jesus, the blessed,
I fall at His feet,
He in whose righteousness
I stand complete.

Once for all gave His life
A ransom for me,
Jesus, my Saviour,
My soul longs for thee.

Once from the judgment seat
God looked at sin,
Jesus then shed His blood.
pardon to win.
Now at the mercy seat
God welcomes me,
Oh, bow down before Him,
His mercy is free.

God's voice is calling,
Softly 'tis falling,
Now while we're toiling here 'neath the sun,
List to His pleading,
All love exceeding,
Our pardon is purchased, salvation is won.

Come, come to-day, then;
Why, why delay, then,
Now while He calls thee to enter the fold—
Now while He's pleading,
Follow His leading.
And have your name in the Lamb's book enrolled.

THE HARVEST IS PAST AND THE SUMMER IS
ENDED.

The summer is ended, the harvest is o'er.
The grain is all garnered, they'll search for no more;
The voice that so long has been calling you home
Will call you no longer, but leave you to roam.
Long you have neglected, long you have refused,
The offerer of mercy you long have abused;
Now though you entreat with a heart full of fear
The harvest is past, and God will not hear,
Though long you may knock on the beautiful gate
'Tis closed now forever, you've left it too late.
To-day if ye will hear His voice
harden not your heart.

OH, COME, THOU WEARY ONE, TO ME.

Weary, troubled soul,
Heed the warning voice,
As the tide moves toward eternity
Leave the path of sin,
Make the precious choice
And come, thou weary one, to me.

Oh, come! oh, come!
'Tis the voice of God that speaks to thee—
Lay thy burden down, for thy soul is free,
And come, thou weary one, to me.

Long in darkness now
 Thou hast wandered far.
 But Jesus whispers unto thee,
 Open now thine eyes
 To behold the star
 To guide all weary ones to me.

HIS WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS.

If God's ways are not our ways
 And our path in life seems drear.
 Knowest thou He planned it so,
 Trust Him, then, and do not fear.

The dark path we so much dread
 May but lead to brighter days,
 Safely we can trust our God
 Though His ways are not our ways.

And when dark clouds of trouble
 Hang thick on every hand,
 Will we doubt His love because His ways
 Seem hard to understand?

Nay, but we can ever trust Him
And gladly go to do His will,
Own our Father's right to guide us,
Then our heart with peace He'll fill.

ST. JOHN, 1ST CHAPTER.

In the beginning was the word with God,
The world by Him was made,
By Him came the light to man
That maketh not afraid.

There was a man sent forth from God
To bear witness of the light.
That it was true and lighteth all
And drives away all night.

The word was then made flesh for us
In Christ God's son from heaven.
And thus through Him a way was made
And hope to us was given.

As many as received the word
To them the power He gave,
To become sons of God above
And triumph o'er the grave.

By Moses came to us the law,
 Good works to save the race;
 By Jesus Christ came love and truth,
 Salvation, all of grace.

No man saw God at any time
 But Jesus, Him declared
 To intervene 'tween God and man,
 The cruel cross He dared.

And this the record given by John,
 Whom to our Lord did bow,
 When unto Him the Levites came
 To ask Him, Who are thou?

And he confessed it unto them
 That he was not that one,
 The promised Saviour and the Christ
 Which they had hopes would come.

He humbly said, "I am a voice
 Which unto you doth cry,
 His way make straight, Messiah comes,
 The hollow place make high."

Repent! repent! John called it then,
 'Tis called again to-day—
 Repent! repent! and have your sins
 By Jesus washed away.

Then Jesus cometh unto John,
And John did cry and say,
Behold, behold the Lamb of God
That taketh sin away.

God's spotless Lamb was offered up
And for the world He bled,
A sacrifice made once for all,
He suffered in our stead.

For we poor sinners here below
He left His throne above; -
Oh, wanderer, can you turn away
And still reject His love.

NO OTHER HAND CAN SAVE.

No other hand can help us,
No other hand can save,
No other power but Thine
Can raise us from the grave.

Weary with earthly care
All other helpers sleep.
Thine eye doth never close,
Thine hand doth still us keep.

When dangers round us press,
 Who then can be our stay!
 When darkness settles down,
 Who then can lead the way!

None but Thine hand can give
 Safety 'mid danger's snare—
 None but Thine hand can change
 Darkness to daylight fair.

Who have we then on earth
 To whom our souls can flee?
 In either earth or heaven
 None, Lord, but Thee.

THE ANGEL GUARD.

At dusk, when the night is creeping
 Up o'er hill and glade,
 And the world seems almost sleeping,
 My heart feels sore afraid,
 As alone through the world I wander,
 Sadly to and fro,
 My heart is filled with self-pity
 At my loneliness and woe.

As quietly I sit and ponder
A sweet fancy comes to me,
And out of my heart and far away
My sadness seems to flee;
For I think as I sit deserted,
Alone in the twilight drear,
That there are angels round me
And it drives away all fear.

My loneliness goes from me
And troubles flee away.
And the thought comes ever to me
As I plod on day by day;
I feel wherever I may drift
On life's fast moving tide.
That some sweet angel presence
Is ever by my side.

If it is in the early morning
As I go life's tasks to meet.
I fancy they walk beside me.
Safely guiding my feet:
And when trouble's clouds hang darkly.
And the world is steeped in night.
Those angel helps stand ready
To make the burden light.

And sometimes thus in fancy
 I familiar faces see
 Among those angel guardians
 That hover over me;
 I can hear the loved departed,
 Though from us they've gone away,
 Gently whispering words of guidance
 As I toil on day by day.

And 'twill do no harm to think it
 When in early dawn I rise
 And look through mist of sunshine
 To the blue of heaven's skies.
 That some sweet angel watcher
 Looks down with every ray,
 Seems I almost hear them whisper
 "Unto God commit thy way."

ASK ME NOT TO LINGER.

Nay, ask me not to linger,
The sun is sinking low,
The radiance o'er the earth cast
Is beautiful—yet I go.
The greatest care by dear ones
Can't stay me now, I know,
But grieve more gently, mother,
And kiss me ere I go.
No more shall earth's fair beauties
Have power to charm my eye,
No more fair sunsets golden
For me shall tint the sky—
Ah, time is fleeting, mother,
The hours are speeding by,
It's hard, it's hard, dear mother,
I'm very young to die.
My life seemed full of gladness,
There was one all else above,
Some other man will woo her
And wed my little love;
And when a few years wander
She will have quite forgot
The one who loved her dearly
Who sleeps in the quiet plot;
But you'll remember, mother,
You'll ne'er forget, I know,
But grieve more softly, mother,
And kiss me ere I go.

MOTHER.

When the storms of life have gathered
And the world seems dark around,
Then there's no friend like a mother
Can anywhere be found.

There's no one like a mother
To cool the fevered brain,
And there's no one like a mother
To still the weary pain.

There's no hand so soft and tender,
There's no touch that healing brings.
Like the mother touch so loving
That o'er all its magic flings.

When through the world you wander
And far from home you stray,
Oft your thoughts go back to mother,
To dear mother far away.

When perhaps from troubled slumber
In the midnight watch you wake,
A longing thought for mother
Does o'er your sad heart break.

And you wish so much for mother
To come from that far land
And place upon your forehead
As of old her tender hand.

When travelling through this world
You may meet with friend and lover.
But, oh! be good and kind to her,
For there's no friend like a mother.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Sitting by the coal stove
Watching out the year,
Gossiping together,
Trying to keep good cheer,
Four old women sitting
By the coal fire bright,
While the year is dying
In the silent night.

Thoughts are swiftly flying
Backward o'er the years—
Thoughts of days of gladness.
Thoughts of days of tears.
So they are sitting dreaming
Through the evening cold.
Gazing at the coal fire,
Those four women old.

SPUN FROM FACT.

Two little maidens as pretty and clean
As any two maidens that ever were seen

Proudly stood in the playhouse door
Amidst the plum trees in days of yore.

Their mothers had dressed them all clean and neat.
And the dear little creatures looked quite sweet.

But their playhouse needed a dust and a rub,
So those two little lassies decided to scrub.

They found some water in a boiler near,
So helped themselves, though it looked kind of
queer.

But they scrubbed that house in every part.
Till twenty wee fingers began to smart.

And oh, those girls were a sorry sight
As they ran to the house to tell of their plight.

Their dresses, which had been so fresh and white,
Were all spoiled and dirty, every mite.

And those four little hands were all red and sore
As those lassies stood in the kitchen door.

When they told of the fine hot water they got
Hanging out in the iron pot.

Then the mother said, "That water so fine
Is nothing less than some strong salt brine

Which I had all ready to salt some meat,
Now you've scrubbed your house and made it neat.

Just look at your clothes, and your hands so red,
You two naughty girls should go right to bed.

But seeing your hands are really so sore
I'll let you off this time and punish no more."

So those two little romps ran out to play
And after all had a happy day.

NOW I AM OLD.

Once I was young like thee,
And life a tale all untold;
But life proved a weary thing to me,
And now I am old.

Once I was young like thee;
And beautiful, too, I was told;
But now my eyes have lost their light
And I am old, so old.

Once I was young like thee;
And loving arms did enfold;
Now I am left without a friend
And I am old.

A DRIVING PARTY.

List! How the sleigh bells jingle;
Look! How they glide o'er the snow;
List to the gay young voices
As merrily on they go:
List! to the merry laughter
And how the voices blend.
That seems to the cold, clear evening,
A spirit of gladness to lend.

A song and then more laughter
As on they glide o'er the snow,
With hearts so happy and mirthful
These frolicsome young people go.
I turn from the window in silence,
My bright fire to me seems blue;
I'm lonely the rest of the evening
"Because I am young yet, too."

WHY ?

We cannot know the Why
And wherefor of each thing—
Why our hearts should heave a sigh,
Why our friends do sometimes sting.

Why the frost must kill the flower,
Why the summer hours must flee.
Why we have to live afar
From the friends we'd love to see.

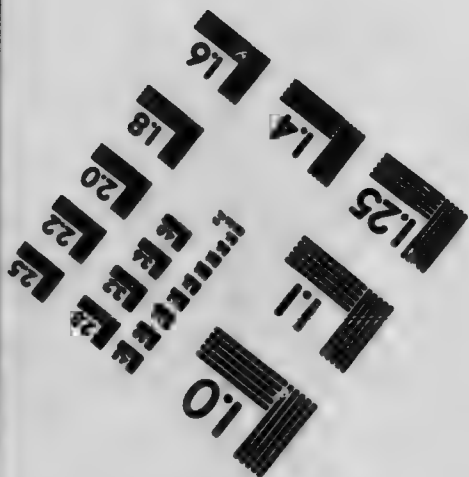
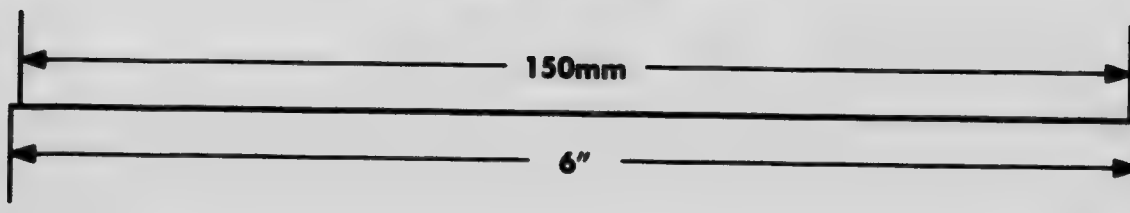
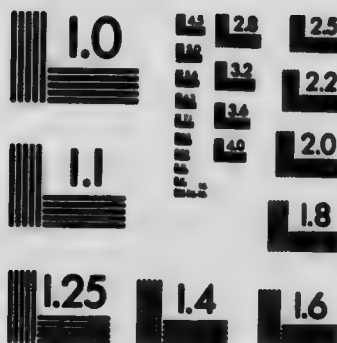
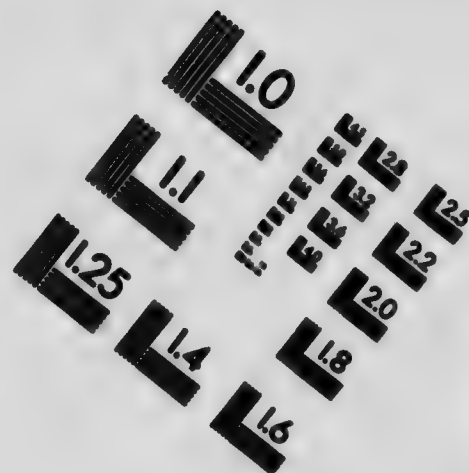
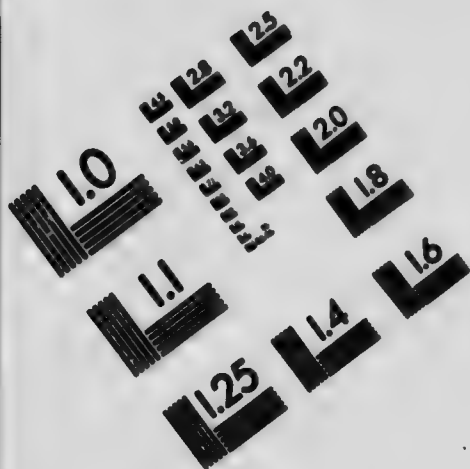
Why the hours we fain would keep
Seem to pass so swift away.
And the darkest hour we have
Is the longest in the day.

Why that sorrow like a cloud
O'er our heart does often roll.
Why the gayest hour on earth
Does not satisfy the soul.

Trudge along and never mind,
Bother not to puzzle—Why?
These are problems we can't solve
Any more than we can fly.



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VEILED.

Two birds of a feather
Swung together
 Upon an old clothes line;
The stars were gleaming,
The moon was beaming,
 And everything quite sublime.

They chirped and chatted,
And quarreled and spat,
 These two little birds on the line.
And the stars looked and blinked,
And one of them winked
 As it said, "That's all very fine."

The moon laughed aloud
From behind a white cloud
 Far up in the beautiful sky.
And the birds got a fright
And so took their flight
 And far, far apart they did fly.

MURIEL.

Muriel stood at the woodshed door
Watching a sight she had n'er seen before.
She was the cutest of all wee girls
From her little feet to her ruddy curls,
With her eyes of blue and her skin of white
She was a darling, a heart's delight.

But Muriel's face had no sign of a laugh,
But a serious look for two years and a half;
As she stood so prim in the woodshed door
Watching the horse rolling o'er and o'er.

Her eyes getting larger and flashing so bright
As she ran to her mother in such a wild fright.
Mamma! she said, her wee face in a frown,
Oh, come! come out quick, Horsie's all upside down!

When Christmas comes around again
I very greatly fear
That there'll be a weight of sorrow on my heart,
For the old home's gone to strangers.
What then my heart can cheer
When from loved ones and the old home
I must part.

How the family used to gather there
At Christmas long ago,
And the good old jolly times there used to be,
With the neices and the nephews
As they scampered to and fro,
And the old folks glad their loved ones all to see.

But things are greatly changed now,
For some of those we love
Have gone to the better land away.
Though we'll gather there no more
We will hope to meet above,
But farewell to the old home by the bay.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Precious, joyous days of childhood
All have fled;
Girlhood's bloom and girlhood's freedom
Both are dead.
Now I find that life is real,
Not a dream;
Facts are not the golden fancies
They did seem.
Days are shorter, joys are fleet
Than of yore;
Sweet sixteen seems nonsense quite
At twenty-four.
Next year will cap the climax, surely—
Twenty-five!
A quarter century on earth—
If I'm alive.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

Gone to the land of spirits far away
Gone—from which none returnest
To tell us of their stay.
Only a little struggle,
A little fluttering breath,
And then the spirit leaves the clay
Still, in the grasp of death.
No more those eyes shall watch us,
No more those lips shall move,
No more that voice shall speak to us
Love and devotion to prove.
We see that the spirit's departed
We cannot even tell where,
We look on the earthly casket,
We look and know its not there.
We hope in a queer, dim fashion,
That some time again we may meet
When we in our turn have winged our flight
When our hearts have ceased to beat.
When off to the land of spirits
We in our turn have fled,
When the old paths we've roamed so often
No more shall echo our tread;
When the old rooms we have lived in
No more with our voice shall resound,
When friends shall take us in our turn
And place us beneath the ground.

WISHING.

Our lives are filled with longing, hoping, wishing
 For that which likely we will never gain;
 And thus our hearts are never free and happy,
 There's always this same discontented pain.

There's something always looming in the distance.
 Some great and mighty fame we wish to win;
 And so we let our chance of work go by us,
 Neglecting duties this itself is sin.

We cannot take with loving, thankful heart
 The morsel that may come within our grasp,
 But that which is above, beyond our reach,
 'Tis that our eager hand's outstretched to clasp.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

When in childhood's days we roam,
 When the morning sun shines bright,
 Romping gaily round the home
 We deem it long till night.

But old age as it comes on
 All too short, then, seems each day.
 And they shorter seem to grow
 As into years they glide away.

WHEN THE DEAR LADS COME HOME.

When the gallant ship rides home again
From far off Afric's land,
There will rise a cheer from shore to shore
To welcome the brave band.
Yes, from o'er our fair Dominion
Where'er Canadians roam,
Our hearts will give a welcome
When the dear lads come home.

Oh, when the boys come marching in
To the homes they love so dear,
Ah, surely then each loyal heart
Will give a ringing cheer;
And we'll clasp the hand that held the gun,
The dear lads who've risked their life
And bravely marched o'er desert sand
To settle Britain's strife.

There'll be mothers, fathers, sisters—
There'll be wives and sweethearts, too—
With their love grown even fonder
There to greet the boys so true.
But for many who'll be there that day
Oh, what bitter, bitter pain,
When they think of those who've marched away
But will n'er march home again.

For the ones who sleep away so far
 Neath burning torrid skies,
 No loving hand to tend the grave
 Wherein the loved one lies;
 Ah, there'll be joy to many
 When our lads come o'er the foam,
 But let us drop a tear for those
 The dear lads who'll n'er come home.

FANCIES FOUR .

Of all the eyes I've seen, "she" said,
 I love a pair of eyes
 Of deepest blue,
 So pure and true,
 A piece of springtime's skies.

A look of truth doth shine in them,
 And ne'er a touch of guile,
 And just a gleam of heaven itself
 Thrown in them when they smile.

Of all the eyes I've seen, "she" said,
 I love a pair the best
 Of softest brown,
 Without a frown,
 And just a dream of rest.

A look of tenderness in them
Shines straight from heaven above,
It needeth not the sound of speech
To tell you when they love.

Of all the eyes I've seen, "she" said,
Methinks I love a pair
Of lovely gray,
In which there stray,
Shadows and lights most fair.

No vile deceit doth in them lurk,
No evil in them hides;
One look into their liquid depths
A child in them confides.

Of all the eyes I've seen, "she" said,
I'll tell the pair I love—
The eyes of black
My heart ransack,
Soft as a brooding dove.

When in excitement how they flash,
Or soft like velvet seem,
They mirror oft the thunder clond
But oft'er the sunbeam.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Mother, mother mine,
 This is your birthday, dear;
 I hope that light divine
 Will brightly on you shine
 And bless you through this year.

My mother, mother, dear,
 I hope that you may share
 In all the bliss and cheer
 That comes to mortals here,
 Be well and free from care.

As like a mother dove
 Thou art thoughtful, kind and true,
 May heaven smile above,
 Shine ever down in love,
 Shine and abide on you.

GRANNY.

Old and weary and sad,
Waiting alone for death,
Lonely poor Granny lies
Breathing her feeble breath.
Life has no interest now,
For those she held so dear
Long have been gone from her
Many and many a year.
The present is nothing to her,
Her memory roams in the past,
Its joys and sorrows and cares
So clear in her mind are cast.
The dear little boys she lost
Far in the distant years
Still has the power to bring
To her faded eyes, the tears.
And so poor Granny thinks
Thoughts straying too and fro,
Away—away, in the past—
Memory of long ago;
Old and weary and sad,
Waiting alone for death,
Lonely poor Granny lies
Breathing her feeble breath.

IN MEMORIAM.

He is gone, our boy has left us,
And our hearts with grief are sore.
But he is not gone forever;
He's not lost, but gone before.

He was young and life was golden,
He was loved where'er he went
And his smile was like the sunshine
That a glow of gladness sent.

But his happy youth was blighted.
And affliction's hand was laid
Till the eye had lost its luster
And his form was changed by pain.

Yet through all he never murmured
And his heart the nobler grew
As he bore it all with patience,
Till his journey here was through.

Weary months of constant suffering,
His poor feet with pain had trod,
But his spirit rose above it,
Wrapt in fellowship with God.

Death had now no terrors for him,
For his hope was fixed on high,
And his trust was placed in Jesus
Who for sinners all did die.

When at last God's voice did call him,
And his spirit sped above,
He went not to land of strangers,
But unto the God we love.

Yet we miss him, oh! we miss him,
And our hearts with sorrow sigh,
We no more shall see our loved one
As the weary years go by.

But the time is swiftly passing.
Soon we too shall leave earth's shore
Then once more we'll see our darling.
He's not lost but gone before.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sleep on, gentle sleeper,
 In your last earthly bed,
 Sleep on in your calm sweet repose.
 Our hearts ache with sorrow
 To think you are dead,
 But we know you will rise, for Christ rose.

You went when the flowers died
 From off the green sod
 To escape the cruel winds that roam.
 And now you are safe
 In the kingdom of God,
 With our Saviour forever at home.

And soon we will meet you,
 Our dear one we lost,
 When we too are swept out by the tide;
 And though on the billows
 Our boat may be tossed,
 Safe to harbour our pilot will guide.

SISTER HATTIE.

Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
When the evening shadows roam
I think of you, my dearest,
As you wandered round your home.
I can see you 'mid the shadows
As you used to sit and play,
As, the tunes of all your music
Will forever with me stay.
I think of the good times we had,
Dearest, in your home,
Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
When the evening shadows roam.

Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
Will we never go again
O'er the old paths as we used to
Ere my heart had felt this pain.
Oft in duty, oft in pleasure,
Did our feet together go,
And we talked and loved each other
As we wandered to and fro.
But you've left me very lonely
And my heart is filled with pain.
Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
Will you never come again?

Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
Will I never see thee more,
As the lights were faintly shining
O'er thee in the open door.
Thy dear face I well remember
As you stood that Sabbath night—
I can see thee stand in memory
There with thy dear face so bright,
As you watched me down the pathway
That led me from your door.
Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
Will I never see thee more.

Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
When I said good-night to thee,
Little did I think, my darling,
That I never more should see
That dear face I loved so truly,
Hear again the voice I love,
Till I hear it in the morning
Bid me welcome up above.
No, I thought that soon, soon after
I again thy face would see,
Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
When I said good-night to thee.

Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
It was a last good-night,
For thy dear face was hidden
Ere another Sabbath night.
But when the light of heaven
Is the glory hills adorning
We'll meet among the ransomed
Then we'll bid a glad good morning,
And when we're in that city
Of which God is the light.
Oh, Hattie, sister Hattie,
We will never bid good-night.

LONG THOU ART GONE.

Long thou art gone, my dearest,
Nearly a year has fled,
Since thy dear form was laid at rest
Amid the silent dead.

Quickly the months are flying
Onward upon their way,
For life or death or anguish
Old time can never stay.

And in that narrow resting place
 Quietly my darling sleeps,
 And o'er her lonely little grave
 A watch our Father keeps.

Oh, I thank Thee much our Father,
 For the hope Thou givest me,
 That some day in Thy dwelling place
 This loved one I shall see.

HER BIRTHDAY.

Sleeping, still sleeping, my dear sister lies
 On the bank near the Ottawa's flow;
 Broken, still broken, the tenderest of ties,
 Though the years in their flight onward go.

Again comes the day, 'tis the day of her birth,
 But she reckons not time as we do,
 As calmly she sleeps 'neath the green mantled earth,
 My dear one so tender and true.

But fresh in our hearts is her memory to-day,
 And never forgotten she'll be,
 Till the years have for us as for her past away
 And her dear face we once more shall see.

TWO YEARS AGO.

Another year has fled—
How swift they pass away—
Since thou did'st leave us sad
Two years ago to-day.

We thought that all must cease
Without thy face to cheer,
But time must needs go on
Even without thee, dear.

We love thee none the less
As quick the years do fly—
We're getting nearer thee
With each day that goes by.

We're getting nearer thee,
Nearer the home we love,
Nearer the golden streets
And the treasured ones above.

Sometimes our hearts nigh break,
We think how long thou art gone,
We think of thee as dead,
Looking so pale and wan.

And then the light breaks out,
 We know thy spirit's free,
 Happy and blest in paradise
 Beyond the chilling sea.

And when our Lord shall come
 His voice shall pierce the gloom,
 And raise to glorify
 Our bodies from the tomb.

Together we shall meet
 Our Saviour in the air—
 Oh what a glorious gathering
 To meet our loved ones there.

TIME IS ON THE WING.

Ah, time! old time, thou art ever
On the wing
What joy, what sorrow, thou
To us dost bring.
Thou wilt come and steal our dearest
From our door,
And on thy way rush on
As e'er before.
Old time again will soon bring
Round the day
We laid our darling from
This life away.
Two years have winged their flight,
And sorrow still hath power
To move us as it did
That autumn hour.
A word, a song and memory
Soon flies o'er
Those scenes, and make us sad
As days of yore.

HATTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

Another birthday, sister,
Thou dost not count them more,
Thy little day of life is past,
Thou roamest here no more.

But we remember, dearest,
Thy birthday's ne'er forgot;
Thy memory we will always love
Whatever be our lot.

Soon three long weary summers
Will have winged themselves away
Since you left us for to mourn you, dear.
On that bleak October day.

We'll love you none the less, dear,
Nay, but we love thee more,
And we will hope to meet thee soon
On the bright and happier shore.

THREE YEARS AGO.

The night is coming on again,
The sun is sinking low,
Our hearts with grief recall the time
That night three years ago

When with pain and life aweary
Our darling went to sleep,
And they came and told us she was dead,
Her slumber was so deep.

We did not know about it
Until it all was o'er—
We were not there to comfort her
As we oft had done before.

They only told us she was dead,
And to our hearts brought woe.
On that sad night of anguish
For us all three years ago.

Many the loved ones left to mourn
Not one of us forget.
This dear one stands out just as clear,
Fresh in our memory yet.

We love her just as dearly now,
Still for her our tears oft flow,
Our hearts with sorrow wander back
To that night three years ago.

HER RESTING PLACE.

Near the banks of the flowing river
Weeping, we laid her down,
With a heart stirred by no heart quiver
And her hair like a golden crown.

But the lips that had smiled were frozen,
And the eyes that with beauty shone,
For this dear one by death was chosen,
The spirit we loved was gone.

When the summer sun shines brightly
And the breath of flowers waft round,
And the birds are singing lightly,
Still she sleeps 'neath that little mound.

When the river so near is gleaming
'Neath the silvery moon-beam's ray,
There will never a boat glide hither
With a message to tell of her stay.

One by one of those so near us
Of the ones that our hearts love best
Drift away through the land of the shadow.
Fall asleep to their long, long rest.

GONE.

Gone without a word of warning—
Gone without a last good-by—
Gone beyond our range of vision,
Far beyond the deep blue sky.

Days will come and days will vanish,
Many suns will wax and wane;
Eyes will look till they are weary
But she'll never come again.

Oh, how weary seems the waiting
As in this lonely world we roam,
Till the call shall come that frees us
And the wanderer's called home.

Then the pain shall all be over
And our tears be wiped away,
When we gather to our Father
In the home of endless day.

There for us a rest remaineth,
There our hearts are free from care.
And we'll never lose our loved ones
For we're told there's no death there.

Oh, the glorious re-union
When our pilgrimage is trod,
And we gather with our loved ones
Safe at home, at home with God.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF JANET SHAW
CAMPBELL.

The little chair is empty,
And the carriage now is still,
And in your hearts a place there is
That nothing else can fill.

You have your other children
To heap your love upon,
But nothing can replace to you
The little one that's gone.

There'll never be such sweet blue eyes,
Nor to you such golden curls,
And she'll be the dearest ever
Of all sweet baby girls.

But when your heart is sorest
And the tear drops dim your eye,
Remember that your darling's safe
With those we love on High.

'Tis our Father who hath taken,
'Twas His dear hand that gave—
'Tis His eye that looks across the years,
'Tis He alone can save.

We know His heart is tender
And we know His love is true,
And 'twas in love He took her,
Your little one from you.

She's free from pain in heaven,
So dear ones do not grieve,
While safe in His own keeping
Your baby girl you leave.

MY FATHER.

Ah! sad this world! so sad it seems to me,
As I again behold the sod close o'er,
Hiding another form I loved so well
But shall behold on earth again "no more."

One by one they drift from us away,
Borne far—and never shall return
To tell us they are happy where they dwell—
Those loved ones for whose welfare our hearts
yearn.

What love of ours can keep when comes the call
 To journey o'er death's sea to that far land;
 But if we love them true would we recall
 When safe their feet have reached the shining
 strand?

We loved them dearly as with them we walked
 Here in sweet fellowship from day to day;
 But could our love compare at all with "His"
 Who called them from this dreary world away?

We'll mourn them often as the years drag by,
 And many tears will fall as on we roam;
 But if our love so deep, unselfish, true,
 We would not call them from that peaceful home.

This world is at its best a lonely place
 Where our most treasured ones from us doth go:
 But over yonder all is peace and joy
 And not a breath of sorrow there doth blow.

In slumber deep, he fell asleep,
 Calm as a little child,
 Without a sigh, or say good-by,
 With look so sweet and mild.
 He sank to rest, in slumber blest.
 Safe on our Saviour's arm,
 Ever secure, in His love sure,
 That God would guard from harm;
 And thus to slumber deep
 He fell asleep.

In slumber deep, he fell asleep,
He whom we loved so dear;
Left us alone, left thus his home,
But went without a fear.
Our God in love took him above
Without a pang or pain;
Some day we'll meet at Jesus feet
In heaven, we'll meet again,
And thus to slumber deep
He fell asleep.

DOUGLAS.

Dear Douglas, time is flying
Since you left us all behind—
Old time that to each mourner
Has a balm of healing kind.

Now we can think with calmness
How for thee 'tis for the best,
After all thy pain and weakness
God's great good gift of rest.

Now as we draw toward the Christmas-tide,
My thoughts oft to you go,
Down in your quiet resting place,
Under the thickening snow.

Never again at our Christmas board.
Will I see you dear, kind face;
Never again in the walks of life,
Will you fill the old-time place.

No warm hand-clasp now will answer mine.
Nor no smile shine in your eyes;
There was no earth power could keep you, dear,
Though strong were the tender ties.

Now though years may come and as quickly go.
Still will this sorrow remain.
You're better and happier now, we know,
But with us stayeth the pain.

LITTLE HERBIE.

Little brown-eyed Herbie's gone
Just as spring is here;
You could have spared most anything
But him you held so dear.

Dear little lad, there's many hearts
Will grieve for him to-day;
Just as flowers were springing forth
His bright life passed away.

No little body ever held
A brighter, sunnier soul;
But death came forward as you watched
And your little treasure stole.

There's many a one from far and near
Who'll miss your winning boy—
Sister will miss her playmate
And you, your pride and joy.

But let hope its comfort whisper
That the sweet boy that you prize
Is safe in God's own keeping,
And you'll meet beyond the skies.

IN MEMORY OF EDNA WOODLEY.

Underneath the coffin lid
Sleeps a little form,
Taken from this world away
In life's early morn.
Worn out with suffering
Her spirit sped away,
To be forever with its God
In the blest land of day.

No pain or sorrow enters there
 In that bright land above—
 The little child will be at rest
 Up there where all is love.
 Hard as those last days were on earth.
 In heaven 'twill be forgot,
 Up there, among the angels,
 By her heavenly Father taught.

God in His own loving wisdom
 Knows just what is for the best.
 And sometimes He sees it right
 To put His children to the test.
 Surely we can ever trust Him.
 He who gave His only Son,
 And with hearts that trust Him always
 Humbly say "Thy will be done."

IN MEMORY OF JENNIE GERMAN.

Just a few short days since I saw her
 In girlhood's happy morn,
 While o'er her path methought I saw
 Roses without a thorn.

Petted and loved by every one,
 Her world seemed clear and bright;
 But the clouds were fast approaching
 For to blot out earthly light.

Just a few brief days have past
And yet death angel swiftly flew
And bade this young flower say farewell
To those who loved her true.

How strange a thing is death—
It comes as silent as the shade,
And not for love and not for tears
Is its icy fingers stayed.

It steals the prized from every home
And takes the choicest gem,
And they shall ne'er come back to us,
But we shall go to them.

A LOVING DAUGHTER, A HELPFUL SISTER,
AND A FAITHFUL WIFE.

Gone, ripe in years and ripe
In gentle Christian grace,
Dear loving Aunt of mine
I miss your kind, sweet face.

Your voice so soft
And full of counsel wise,
That never failed its duty
To point us to the skies.

Dear, trusting heart,
 Resigned to go or stay,
 So 'twas thy Master's will,
 'Twas then thy chosen way.

Thoughtful and true thou wert
 All through thy life—
 Helping each one in turn
 Battling through strife.

Giving a helping hand,
 Giving thy means, though small,
 Giving thy word in season—
 Giving thy love through all.

We sorrow much now
 For not loving thee better;
 But for thy sweet counsel
 We will ever be thy debtor.

THE DEAD BABY.

How deep, how deep and cold the snow,
And oh, how wild the cruel winds blow!
And must I send my darling child
So lovely with her blue eyes mild,
With her cheeks so white and hair of gold
Out from my sight to-night, out in the cold.

My darling, my baby, robed so fair.
Lying asleep in the casket there;
Those little hands so small and white
Holding the snowy flowers so tight—
Oh, how can I ever let you go
Out for to sleep 'neath the cold drifting snow.

Sweet little voice, I no more shall hear.
Calling my name in tone so clear—
No little feet to run to and fro
Pattering about as they used to go.
And her little cradle so white and fair.
But no golden head shall be resting there.

But surely, oh surely, it cannot be
That this is the last of my darling I'll see!
No, sad-hearted mother, you will clasp her again
In the land where there'll never be any more pain.
And 'tis but the beautiful form that shall go
Out from your arms to-day, out in the snow.

